Holborn-DROLLERY.

OR,

The Beautiful *CHLORET* SURPRIZED IN THE SHEETS:

All the Love-Songs and Poems with which she hath been Treated this Long-Vacation being Publish'd.

To which is Annexed,

FLORA'S Cabinet Unlocked.

Totum muneris hoc sui est.
Quod monstror digito prætereuntium,
Quod spiro, & placeo (si placeo) tuum est.-- Hor.

LONDON: Printed for *Robert Robinson*, and are to be sold at his Shop neer *Grays-Inn*-Gate in *Holborn*, 1673.

TO

The LADIES of Quality

FREQUENTING

Grayes - Inne - Walks.

Sweet and Vertuous Ladies!

AS an Innocent Companion for your Diversion, I humbly offer this *Holborn-Drollery* to your fair Hands. Read it boldly *Ladies*; for here is nothing will put you to the Expence of a Blush, the Entertainment being such, as if the *God of Love* were to invite you to a Banquet, *Love-Songs and Poems*;

where you will finde a Passionate-Lover doing Penance in each Sheet; some of which, though they have long since been in possession of publick Favour and Applause, yet I may justly say, This is the first time I durst avouch them: Finding *Drollery* to have its moveable Scenes, as *Windsor*, *Westminster* and *Covent-Garden*; and expecting ere long Books of this Nature should come out as frequent as the *Philosophical Transactions*, since two or three *Prologues*, and as many *Epilogues*, with some few *Stanza's* Venerable for their Antiquity, are their Ingredients; I was resolv'd to be beforehand, lest I should be Anticipated in my Designe; and to lay the Scene of mine in *Holborn*, and thence Lead you into the *Walks*, where you must expect it delighting in its native Air, where the Sun-shine of your Beauties may make those Shades vie Splendour with the *Pal-mal* or a *Piazzo*, and gain that ancient Lustre to our darkened Orb, where

where formerly not one ſingle *Venus* ſhone alone, but a *Conſtellation* of *Beauties*, making each Walk a *Galaxy*. Beauty is the faireſt Character of Heaven, and by its Divinity makes your Sex Angels, whilſt your Vertues keep you from falling. You Triumph as often as you appear; and in your Intercourſes, ſpend not more Minutes, then your Beauties get you Admirers. You are never ſeen amongſt the Generous, but with the nobleſt Reſpects, the worthieſt Praiſes, and the higheſt Admirations. You no ſooner enter the *Walks*, but you bring a ſweeter Air then you finde, giving a greater Fragancy to the whole, then a Field of *Arabian* Spices. Your Nobler Aſpects revive the Spirits of our young Students, when rebated with hard Study, and tired with intricate Points and deeper Arguments. The Law of Property is forgotten, and they would have All *Tenants in Common*. The Lover leaves his *Ely-*

vium, at least his Shades and Solitude, and Repair to *Paradise*, where with greedy Eyes he beholds the beautiful forbidden Fruit, and nothing but Roses and Lilies scatter'd in his way; where if any thing be wanting, 'tis only their Apparel, a *Green-Gown*. Your *Empire* is Universal, and you may plant *Colonies* even under the *Frigid-Zone*; for *Cæsar-like*, where you come and look, you are still Victorious. No wonder then if our *Walks* arriv'd at such Fame and Grandeur, being formerly the Seat of that *Universal Empress*, *Beauty*! But now her *Aged Servants* expostulate why she resides abroad; and in their scatter'd Leaves (as once in *Sibylls*) Collected, you may read their Grievance.

Have we not bow'd our Reverend Heads in sense of Gratitude, spread forth our Amorous Arms in Courtship, spent both our Sap and Juyce to serve

you

you; and at the last ſpread all our Garments in your way, and will you leave us now? muſt we expect no Sun within our Hemiſphere till Night, and then inwelopt all in Clouds, Vails and Vizards? none but Erratick Stars and Meteors, ſuch as fall? the Ghoſts of Beauty walking in the ſhades of Night?

Well, my Miſs in a Mask, under which you'd fain be thought to hide a Miracle, I ſee your little Deſignes herein; you would needs be liberal in a time of ſcarcity, and loſe your own Right, that you might raiſe our paſſions: for I am confident a ſtrong Fancy oft-times ſupplies the Defects of your bad Faces, which if once diſcover'd, appear as *Zeuxes* Grapes did to the Birds, onely Deceit and painting to the life: whilſt others walk here for the *Freſh Air*, you walk for the *Rich Heir*, being to be diſtinguiſht by a Reinnant of Female Iniquity in Print, the Maids

the Maids Petticoat and the Miſtreſſes Face, being Mock-parts to Lace and Beauty. One that Sells lies, as a *Lapland*-Witch does Windes; making her Miſtreſs lie at the Balcony, when 'tis in the Garret. Well, that you may no longer ſully the Reputation of our *Walks*, or affrighten our *Whites* thence with your *Mooriſh* Faces, there is a place appointed for you beyond the Wall, where Vizards and Pattins may walk together.

Vertuous Ladies, I never deſign'd theſe within the Title of my Addreſs, and ſhould ſooner allow, them the *Great Walk* to themſelves, then herd theſe unclean Bears and Goats in the Ark with the beautiful and chaſter Ermins; deteſting immodeſty more, then the moſt rigid Chaſtity, *Since 'tis better to have no Meat then a Surfeit*; and of two Extreams, I had rather meet with thoſe, who becauſe Chaſte, think they may lawfully be diſcourteous, and ſcratch men ſo they do not Kiſs them,

them, then thoſe that tickle me to death like a *Tarantula:* a ſavage Chaſtity that ſcratches and bites, being leſs hurtful then an Apiſh Licentiouſneſs that huggs and embraces till it deſtroys.

Sweet Ladies, there is as well a temperate Severity in Modeſty, as a ſweetneſs, which keeps Inſolency it ſelf in awe; and you that carry this Excellent Vertue in your Eyes, at once keep men within the limits of their Duty, and infinitely oblige them too: the Purple which appears on the cheeks of *Aurora*, is not ſo beautiful and glorious as that which is Diſcloſed in a bluſhing Innocence; the Effects of which in your Nobler Tempers, is not an overflowing of bloud, but a purer Drop well manag'd; which when it ſhines in your faces, there is no licentiouſneſs that is not dazled with it, and prevented from ignoble proceedings, and worſer Ends. But by being thus ſerious, I have digreſs'd too long from

from what the *Title* of the *Book* engages, which I wish more worthy your Diversion, espousing the unknown Discredit of an *Author*, that I may prove the Cause of your Innocent Recreations; for which if I may have the honour to kiss your fair hands in the *Walks*, I am more then recompenc'd, and shall ever continue,

Most Accomplisht Ladies!

Your humblest Admirer.

TO

TO THE

Gentlemen.

Worthy Gentlemen!

Understanding These *were Condemn'd to the Preſs, which I preſum'd had been deſign'd no farther then my Cabinet; and finding a* Dedication *onely to the* Better Quali-fi'd *of my* Own Sex, *I obtain'd the favour to Inſert This to the* Beſt *of* Yours.

Your Complacence to our Sex is ſo great, that I have a little tranſgreſt the ſeverer Rules of Modeſty, to engage a Servant, Appearing *in the* Sheets, *that you*

you may ſee the little Beauty I pretend to it natural. I fear the Ladies Cenſures *no more then the* Author *does yours, if I fall not under your* Maſculine Judgements.

Gentlemen! *That I may engage your Civilities, ſend for me to your Chambers, carry me into your* Walks *or the* Play-Houſe, *I am at your ſervice; your Converſations being ſo generous, that I could live and die in your ſweet Companies. I know you will uſe me kindly; for I am young, and a ſtranger to the Town: as for my Beauty and* All that; *I muſt ſubmit to your judgements, ſince Beauty in us, is but the Idol of your own fancies, which you firſt make, and then worſhip. That you may not think memeanly Deſcended, or ſuſpect my Vertue, believe me* (Gentlemen) *'twas my Innocence, and the Aſſurance of your Honours, oblig'd the proffers of my Service; for I hope I inherit my Mothers Vertue, as well as her Beauty; ſhe being as Renowned for Both (with ſome of your*

your Modern Poets) as if her Minde and Face had been each others Rivals : She was by Extraction a Greek, *and Celebrated as the* Goddeſs *of* Flowers ; *her Name* Chloris, *a neer Allie to the beautiful* Phillis, *whom you have ſtill amongſt you, and is pleas'd to honour me with the Relation of* Neece, *as ſhe did* Amaryllis, *till ſhe run away with a Swain, and became a diſhonour to Our Houſe. My* Coz *was a true Chip of the Old Block ; for* Theocritus *and* Virgil *kiſt her* Great-Grand-Mothers *Lips thred-bare.*

Pardon me (Courteous Gentlemen !) *that I am not more ſerious in my* Addreſs, *ſince I would not Preſcribe you ſo ill an Example, being unwilling to loſe the great Ornaments of your Converſation*, Mirth *and a* Civil-Freedome, *which ſhall ever be Allow'd by*

(Noble Gentlemen)

Your kinde Chloret.

HOLBORN-DROLLERY.

Chloret *to the Gentlemen.*

NArciſſus-like, do not Admire
Your ſelves alone; divert your Eyes:
New Objects may create deſire,
And you anothers beauty prize.

2.

Condemn me not if I am ſhe
That does my Sexes Rites infringe;
And firſt court you, when All agree,
It is your Duty firſt to cringe.

3.

If Custome should give Laws to Love,
In silence then I must Depart;
My secret flame would fatal prove,
And make a Martyr of my heart.

4.

~~What Monarch e're Despis'd a State,~~
Because by Peaceful Arts obtain'd?
Then deem me not of meaner Rate,
Because unsought-for I am gain'd.

To the Beautiful Chloret.

Chloret I do adore Thee, and I prise
Those Oriental Gems thine Eyes,
Beyond the Rubbish of an Indian Mine,
But duller Pebbles if compar'd with Thine.

2. Let

2.

Let Merchants plow up Seas, and reap the Wealth
Of both the Indies, that poor Self, I
Whilst I at home within thy Bosome finde
Far Richer Treasures to delight my minde.

3.

Thou'dst born away from All the golden prize,
As the Atchievment of thine Eyes:
Had'st thou been Rival there, alone in Thee,
Paris had seen *Wit*, *Love* and *Majesty*.

4.

The Queen of Beauty must Resigne, and be
A Subject, or a foil to Thee:
Cupid his Arrows to thine Eyes does owe,
And to thy hair, the Twist that strings his Bow.

5.

In all her Eastern-Pride *Aurora* lies
Triumphant on thy Cheeks and Lips:
Within thy Bosome lies the *Milkie-Way*,
And in thy smiles the Sun-shine of the Day.

6.

Bright Chloret when thou do'ſt diſplay thy Beams,
The Stars, as ſtartl'd from their Dreams,
Miſtake the Summons of the Early Day,
And to their Chryſtal Manſions float away.

The Mock.

Chloret, I do deſpiſe Thee; I'm not yet
Reduc'd to ſuch a *Bajazet*.
Boaſt not your beauty without wealth, nor think
I'le take your empty Glaſs before the Drink.

2.

When Red and White's i'th' Purſe, as well as face,
Beauty has then a Charming grace:
I cannot feed on flowers. What, ſtill eat
Nothing but Sallads, and no ſolid meat?

3. No

3.

No longer I'le in melancholy pine.
Chloret, thou art not ſo Divine:
Alas, thy fading Colours cannot hold
Compariſon with that of purer gold.

4.

Were I a Virgin, I ſhould ſooner Love
The god of Riches then a *Jove*:
But if he'd Wit to come in's golden ſhowre,
I'd be his kinder *Danäe* for an hour.

5.

Boaſt not of Breaſts or Hands more white in ſhow
Then Lilies, Swans, or falling Snow.
Boaſt not Angelick-Looks: I'd rather ſee
A Golden Angel in my Purſe, then thee.

6.

The Thiſtle that is ſtampt on Gold, outſtrips
The Roſes on your Cheeks and Lips.
No more, *falſe-hearted-Maid*, with Gold contend;
I'le Court the *Indian* as a Cordial Friend.

The Ignoble Choice.

Chloret, in vain thou Rival art to gold,
I've chose for this noble hoarded mould;
The Darling of *Apollo*'s brighter beams,
Born by his Eye, and nurst with golden streams.

2.

Red earth which first made man, refin'd, does prove
The Great *Monopolist* of Love:
Beauty may catch the Tinder of Desire;
But Gold maintains a strong and lasting Fire.

3.

This *Mistress-Bride* the blessings does presage,
Which men enjoy'd i'th' Golden-Age.
Honours and Wealth she to her Palace brings,
And sits Triumphant on the Heads of Kings.

4.

This charming Queen ne're Dulls the Appetite;
Enjoy'd she brings some new Delight:
As in their Paradise the *Turks* have still
New vigour to attend upon their Will.

The

The Generous Choice.

Divineſt Stamp of Heaven! I ſhould prove
A Great Idolater in Love,
If unto any Deity but Thee,
In humble worſhip I ſhould bend my Knee.

2.

Pardon th' Ignoble Choice I made before;
'Twas to Advance your worth the more:
As when the Courage of the foe we praiſe,
The *Conqu'ring Heroes* fame we higher raiſe.

3.

Were Both the Indies mine, I could ſubmit
To lay thoſe Treaſures at your feet,
And my poor Heart at th' Altars of your Eyes,
Burnt by thoſe beams to be your Sacrifice.

4.

Raviſht with Joyes, who in your boſome lies,
By turns Faints, and Revives, and Dies.
Thus does the Phœnix in her Spicie-Bed
Firſt die, and then Erect her Youthful Head.

Song.

WHen the Night does invite me to Reſt,
To Allay all the Cares in my Breſt:
I lie down in my Bed, but no reſt I can take;
For my *Chloret* ſtill keeps me awake.

2.

To me the Night yields no Relief,
Nor the Day to the pains I indure:
But by Day and by Night, I finde that my grief
Like a Gangrene admits of no Cure.

3.

I have try'd by the Doctor's Advice,
And have took a large Doſe of good Wine:
But alas I ſtill finde, whilſt my *Chloret*'s unkinde,
There's no Med'cine i'th' juyce of the Vine.

4.

Yet at laſt if ſo zealous I prove,
As to die a true Victim for Love:
When my *Chloret*'s in Bed, let her fancy be fed
With the thoughts of her Lover that's dead.

5. O

5.

O ye Gods, let her fate be the ſame
With the fond *Arethuſa*'s, to creep
And trace under ground, until ſhe has found
The Grave where her Lover does ſleep.

6.

With her tears let her then mould my Duſt
To the form which it once had before;
Let her chafe in the heat, whilſt the cold does re-
And new life to her Lover reſtore. (treat,

Song.

WHat Divine heat is this, that thaws my (heart,
And in my boſome leaves ſo ſmall a part?
Too long, Alas! I've ſported in the Sun,
And am by what Reviv'd me quite undone.
Thus did *Apollo* ſtrike the *Python* dead
With the ſame Rays by which he firſt was bred.

2. *Al-*

2.

Almighty Love, thy Quiver has no Dart
That steals away, as well as wounds a Heart!
Thy subtil shafts like Lightning enter in,
And leave no marks without, but wound within.
Unarm'd the *Cupid* came from *Chlorets* Eyes,
Stole in at mine, and bore away the prize.

3.

Whilst Beauty does the Magick Scepter sway,
And lay her Nets of Roses in my way,
I willingly obey, and would not be
Ransom'd by Crowns from my Captivity;
Thinking those only have their freedom lost,
Who *Chlorets* glorious fetters cannot boast.

4.

Fond heart farewel: for I can take no Rest;
Thou still do'st beat a March within my Breast:
Go, take thy flight; and if she prove but kinde,
She'll smile, and bid thee fetch what's left behind.
But if unkinde, thou meetst with her disdain,
She'l send thee home, to plague me with the pain.

Song.

Song.

I Had a long Debate
Whether *Chlorets* Eyes thus
id all my flames Create,
And my heart ſurprize thus.
pid with his wings did fan
The flame, which did aſpire;
he *Martyrs* ſure, did not indure,
Nor in ſuch flames expire.

2.

hoſe glorious Twins of Light
When I firſt did view them,
id inflame me at firſt ſight,
Which makes me ſtill purſue them:
hat I fear poor *Semele*
Leſt thy fate ſhould meet me,
hen in flame, thy Lover came,
And did in Thunder greet Thee.

Song.

Song.

HOw ill does he deſerve a Lover's Name,
Whoſe pale weak flame
Cannot Retain
Its heat in ſpite of Abſence or Diſdain,
But does at once, like powder ſet on fire,
Burn and expire?

True Love can never change its ſtate,
Nor did he ever love, that could retreat.
The noble flame that my Breſt keeps alive,
Shall ſtill ſurvive
When my Soul's fled:
Nor ſhall my Love die when my Body's dead;
That ſhall wait on me to the lower ſhade,
And never fade.

My very Aſhes in the Urn,
Shall *Ætna-like* for ever burn;
Whilſt weeping Marbles ſhall conſpire
To quench the fire;
And Stones relent,
As if the Mourners were the Monument.

Song.

Song.

I Languiſh now in haſte,
And do conſume in every part;
There needs but one frown more to waſte
The poor Remainder of my heart.
Chorus. *Alas undone, to fate I bow my head;*
Ready to die, now die, and now am dead.

2.

You look to have an Age of Tryal,
Ere you your Lover will repay;
And my ſtate brooks no more Denyal;
I hardly can one minute ſtay.
Chorus. *Alas undone,* &c.

3.

I ſee already *Charon*'s Boat,
That comes to ferry me away;
I hear the fatal Siſters Note,
Cut off the thred without delay.
Chorus. *Alas undone,* &c.

4. Look

4.

Look in my Wound, and ſee how cold,
How pale and gaſping my Soul lies,
Which Nature ſtrives in vain to hold,
Whilſt wing'd with ſighs away it flies.
Chorus. *Alas undone, to fate I bow my head;*
Ready to die, now die, and now am de

Song.

I Was foretold your Cruel Sex
Neither Love nor Pity knew;
And with what ſcorn you uſe to vex
Poor hearts that humbly ſue.

2.

Yet I believ'd to Crown my pain,
Could I the Fortreſs win,
The happy Lover ſure would gain
A Paradiſe within.

3.

3.

I ever thought that your Diſdain,
Like fearful Goblins ſate,
To make me ſweat for fear, in vain,
To fright me at the Gate.

4.

But I did enter and enjoy
What modeſt Lovers prove,
Only to kiſs, and fool, and toy,
With the firſt courſe of Love.

5.

Had but theſe ſweets a laſting ſtate,
Or if in *Chlorets* Breſt
The force of Love might not abate,
Jove were too mean a Gueſt.

6.

Might I but ſeven Summers lie,
And do but what I wou'd;
Content to Deſarts I would flie,
And chew upon the Cud

On

On Chloris's Garden.

'TWas Spring, and promiſing the Infant-day,
Which in *Aurora*'s purple-boſome lay,
When to a Woodbine-Bow'r I went, and ſate
Under the flower'd Canopy in State.
When ſtrait my *Chloret* did her beams diſplay,
Opening her Caſements to let out the Day,
And ſcatter Odours, whilſt the flow'rs prepare
With ſmiles to take their ſtock of fragrant Air.
In ſofter murmurs Cryſtal ſtreams did glide,
And pay'd a Tribute to the Gardens Pride.
On the bent graſs I ſaw congealed drops,
And Cryſtal pendants on the flowers tops.
The *Heliotrope* from leaf to leaf diſtill'd
The Orient pearl, (its flow'ry Cup being fill'd)
And ſeem'd to weep the Abſence of the Sun,
Who turns and courts him till his Race be done.
The ſmiling bloſſoms here and there a gem
Had candi'd o're, to thaw with the firſt beam.
The Roſes in their purer ſcarlet laught,
And with red lips the Mornings-Nectar quaſt.

'Ti

'Tis doubted if young *Chloret* borrowed,
Or lent the Colours both to *White* and *Red*;
Theſe bluſh, when they too neer her lips are ſhown,
Theſe gather'd by her hand are whiter grown:
And when theſe Rivals in her boſome lie,
They do ſurrender up their ſweets, and die.
The moment came when on oppoſed Banks,
The leſſer beauties did appear in Ranks;
One lay conceal'd in her leaves cloſe green hood,
Another peeping through the Lattice ſtood:
This opes her firſt aſpiring Pyramid,
And ends it in a crimſon-pointed head.
Here Tulips grow, but theſe their ſweets have loſt,
And only can their glorious colours boaſt.
Diſplaying of their painted Cups, they ſhow
The golden tufts which in their boſoms grow.
Thoſe that but now ſhone prouder then the reſt,
Stand Pale, and do their leaves and ſweets devest;
With dying odours to their Urns they fall,
The Emblems each of their own funeral.
This ſudden change I wondred to behold,
And Beauties in their infancy grown old;
But theſe ſweet Beauties though they quickly die,
Survive themſelves in their Poſterity.
Gather thy Roſes, *Chloret*, whilſt they're new;
For when they fade, no ſpring returns to you.

Song.

HAil *Chloris* who once more in Paradiſe
Art plac't, and guard'ſt it with thy Eyes:
Here all the Fruits are free,
And no forbidden Tree;
Nor does the Serpent with his ſmile,
The Credulous beguile.
The *Guardian Angel* of the Place
Does by her frowns give Lawes;
The fatal weapon in her face
The bold Intruder awes.

2.

Rather *Great Goddeſs* you in Heaven are,
And every flower here a Star,
Whilſt *Chloret* is content
To ſhine i'th' Firmament,
And to the *Garden* to Diſpence
Her noble influence.
Some Rival may her beams eclipſe,
Whilſt I in Darkneſs lie;
And intercept her Eyes and Lips,
For want of which I die.

To her Unkinde.

AH! Cruel Fair! You too much Tyrannize,
When you your Lover baniſh from your eyes:
Pray *Madam* think my fortune's too ſevere,
To miſs of Paradiſe, yet be ſo near.
What Guardian-Angel does the place defend,
For which with ſo much vigour I contend?
The Saints by Violence do Heaven take,
Then why ſhould Love's Religion know a Rape?
Under your Mask whilſt you your beauty ſhrowd,
Ixion-like I ſeem t'embrace a cloud.
Sure ſome chill Ague lurketh in your blood,
And with its cold congeals the purple-flood:
But then a Fever would the fit enſue;
But I, alas, can't find hot fit in you.
You ſeem as cold as cruſted *Niobe*,
I wiſh you'd half ſo much relent as ſhe:
For every ſigh ſhe does a tear impart,
Alas you'd think ſhe'd break her marble heart.
If by your eyes exhal'd, one drop ariſe,
Too near thoſe beams to Air it rarifies.
Though I cann't Court you as the Mighty *Jove*,
Who for the Love of *Danäe* vainly ſtrove,

Till he at laſt in golden ſhowres did ſue,
And ſo her ſtubborn chaſtity ſubdue.
Yet I a heart do to love's Altar bring,
And that then Gold's a nobler offering.
Heaven for the meanneſs never did deſpiſe,
Nor for the greatneſs weigh the Sacrifice:
Vouchſafe then to accept the heart I give,
Who by your influence can only live.

Song.

Cupid be gone, thy ſhafts no more
Shall taſte of either bloud or gore
Of mine;
Nor ſhall thy frowns cauſe me to pine:
Nor henceforth will I own thy Darts,
As th' only ſcepters of our hearts;
But of thy ſhafts I'le make a Rod,
To whip thee, little childiſh God.

2.

Madam, your painted clay ſhall be
An Antidote for love to me;
Below
To ſhades, ere long, how pale you'l go!

I'le

I'le view your face only to ſee
What kinde of Deaths-head it muſt be;
And how ere long grim toads muſt dine
In thoſe Orbs where your eyes do ſhine.

3.

Why for thy Roſes ſhould I long,
When as in *Chloris* blooming throng
I finde
Colours that are no whit behinde,
Caſting their odours as I go,
Open and ſhut, and Court me too?
And if I pleaſe, I may each hour
A thouſand beauties here deflowr.

4.

Fetters of Gold are fetters ſtill;
Nor will I deem it a leſs ill,
Or Cry,
'Cauſe ſtrangled with Love-Knots I die.
Fond man, why ſhould I ſpend my breath,
To ſtamp a ſlighted groan or ſigh?
Since Madam you are grown ſo coy,
I'le ſtamp a Curſe to the blinde Boy.

Song.

KNow Lady, ſince you are ſo proud,
'Twas I that gave you your renown,
Or elſe you had i'th' common croud
Of meaner beauties liv'd unknown.
Had not my verſe extol'd your name,
And impt it in the wings of fame.

2.

That killing power now of thine,
I gave it to thy cheeks and eyes;
Thy Sweets and Graces all are mine,
Thou only ſhineſt in my skies.
Then Dart not from thy borrow'd ſphear
Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Song.

Song.

NYmph why ſo coy? you hope in vain
To cool my Boſome with Diſdain.
Scorn can no more my heat aſſwage,
Then payles of Oyl a fires rage.
If you would quench my hot deſire,
Contribute fewel to the fire;
For nought my breſt can ſatisfie,
Unleſs you burn as well as I.

2.

I'le never burn in flames again,
But pay your falſhood with diſdain:
If ſcorn cannot aſſwage your heat,
Nor make you from my love retreat;
My abſence ſhall put out the fire,
When it wants fewel 'twill expire;
I will remove the ſcornful Gueſt,
And thus Il'e ſatisfie your breſt.

3.

Abſence and ſcorn I can ſurvive,
And on your Alpes of ſnow can thrive;
Whilſt you with ſcorn maintain the field,
I'd rather be oppreſt then yield:
Or like a Parthian, if you flie,
And ſend back ſhafts to make me die;
I'le never raiſe the Siege, but ſwear
To make an everlatting War.

4.

When I beleaguer'd you with love,
You in the Siege did conſtant prove,
And ſeem'd as much to ſlight the foe,
As now your falſhood makes me do.
From your example I am grown
So wiſe, as to defend mine own.
With uſeleſs Troops of words be gone,
Invade not my Dominion.

The Rival Lady.

FAir copy of my *Chlorets* face,
Twin of my Soul, thy perfect grace
Claims in my Love an equal place.

2.

Diſdain not a divided heart:
Though all be hers, you ſhall have part;
Love is not ty'd to rules of Art.

3.

For as my Soul firſt to her flew,
Yet ſtaid with me; ſo now 'tis true,
It dwells with her, though viſits you.

4.

Then entertain this wandring Gueſt,
And if not love, allow it reſt:
It left not, but miſtook the neſt.

5. Think

5.

Think not my Love or your fair eyes
Cheaper, becauſe from ſympathize
You hold with her, theſe flames ariſe.

6.

To Lead or Braſs, or ſome ſuch bad
Metal, a Princes ſtamp may add
That value which it never had.

7.

But to the pure refined Ore,
The ſtamp of Kings imparts no more
Worth, then the Metal held before.

8.

Only the Image gives the Rate
At home: but in a foreign State,
'Tis priz'd as much for its own weight.

9.

So though all other hearts reſigne
To your intrinſick worth, you've mine
Only becauſe you are her Coyn.

To the ſame.

I Burn, and cruel you in vain
Hope to quench me with diſdain:
If from your eyes thoſe ſparkles came,
That have kindled all my flame,
What boots it me though now you ſhroud
Thoſe fiery Comet in a Cloud?
Since all the flames that I have felt,
Could your Snow yet never melt?
Nor can your Snow, though you ſhould take
The Alps into your boſome, ſlake
The heat of my inamour'd heart.
But with wonder learn Love's Art:
No Seas of Ice can cool Deſires;
Equal flames muſt quench Love's fires:
Then think not that my heart can die,
Till you burn, as well as I.

Song.

Song.

FArewel, falſe Maid, your breach of Faith
Does wound my heart far more
Then all your ſcorn, which only hath
My patience try'd before.

2.

Hard Fate to be almoſt poſſeſt
As Victor of a heart
Atchiev'd with Labour and unreſt,
And thence forc'd to depart.

3.

If the ſtout foe will not reſigne
When I beſiege the place,
I loſe but what was never mine,
Nor long maintain the Chaſe.

4.

We do not long delight i'th' ſport,
If ſtill the Game we miſs;
We ne're are ſtaunch 'leſs blouded for't,
Juſt thus in love it is.

Song.

WHen you the Sun-burnt Pilgrim ſee,
Fainting with thirſt, haſte to the ſprings,
Mark how at firſt with bended knee
He courts the Chryſtal Nymph, and flings
His body to the Earth, and he
Proſtrate adores the flowing Deity.

2.

But when his ſweaty face is drencht
In her cool waves, when from her ſweet
Boſome his burning thirſt is quencht,
Then mark how with diſdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refreſht him, moves with ſullen pace.

3. Thus

3.

Thus ſhalt thou be deſpis'd, fair Maid,
When by thy fated Lover taſted;
What firſt he did with tears invade,
Shall afterwards in ſcorns be waſted,
When all thy Virgin-ſprings grow dry,
And no ſtreams left but in thine eye.

Song.

WE run till we are out of breath, in chace
Of wealth, and think we're ſlow i'th
(ſwifteſt pace
Till Night does intercept us in the Race.

2.

We gaze on beauty as a greater Light,
Which does but weakly gratifie our ſight,
Made blinde by that in which we took delight.

3. Sc

3.

See how the winged minutes flie away;
Nor will our Courtship make *Apollo* stay
Beyond his time, to keep alive the Day.

4.

Nor Crowns of Gold, nor Scepters can reprieve
A Dying Prince, nor one short minute give,
Beyond the certain date he has to live.

5.

At last th' inevitable doom of death
Commands us all to the pale flock beneath;
The Victor must put on his Cypress wreath.

6.

To the black Book, whether we will or not,
We come, until at last the fatal lot
Writ by the icy hand of death be got.

7.

We wander here abroad; but when we come
Weary and cold unto our darkſome home,
Unwillingly we lodge in a ground-Room.

8.

Death writes the fatal paſs by which we're ſent
To ſhades, into eternal baniſhment;
And yet we ſtill return from whence we went.

9.

O Heavens! that men ſhould envy living worth,
And never miſs't, but when it's laid in Earth;
As plenty always is beſt priz'd by dearth.

10.

Vertue will ſtay, when Beauty thee forſakes,
And like the growing Palm-tree always takes
Riſe from oppreſſion and the fatal Axe.

II.

The outward graces never ſtay behinde,
Vertue's the faithful Inmate of the minde,
And *Perſian*-like are with their King enſhrin'd.

To his Rival.

HEnce vain Intruder, haſte away,
Waſh not with thine unhallow'd brine
The foot-ſteps of my *Chlorets* Shrine;
Nor on her purer Altars lay
Empty words Accents, ſuch as may
Some looſer Dame to love incline;
She muſt have off'rings more Divine;
Such Pearly drops as youthful *May*
Scatters before the riſing Day:
Such ſmooth ſoft language, as each line
Might ſtroak an angry God, and ſtay
Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine
With envy. Do this, thou ſhalt be,
A ſervant unto her, and Rival me.

Mark how the bluſhing Morn in vain,
Courts and Careſſes the fair Marigold,
With perfum'd ſighing blaſts, and weeping rain;
Yet ſhe not warm'd enough, won't yet unfold:
But when the pow'rful Planet of the day
Creeps in her boſome with a warmer joy,
How am'rouſly ſhe ſpreads, and ſoon receives
His warm embraces in her virgin-leaves!
Ceaſe Rival then, and thou'lt deſcry
Thou art the bluſhing Morn, the Planet I.

FLORA'S

FLORA's Cabinet UNLOCKED.

Flora *pourtrayed.*

FIrſt from bright *Sol*'s Illuſtrious beams
A Quinteſſence of luſtre 'ſtill;
Then draw a Tincture from thoſe ſtreams
That every morn the Eaſt do fill.
Theſe in the *Galaxia* place,
And think you ſee fair *Flora*'s face.

2.

Ranſack the *Africk*-ſhores, and there
You'll finde rich Pearls that gild thoſe ſands:
But yet you may that labour ſpare,
And richer finde on *Flora*'s hands;
What Nature there imperfect ſtrows,
Here to the life ſhe perfect ſhows.

3.

Then wonder not why nature made
Flora, ſince you'l plainly ſee,
Her perfect Copy is diſplay'd
In this our worlds Epitome.
In her ſmall centre all lines meet;
Nature did here her works compleat.

4.

Throw by your books, they'l crack your brain;
Read but *Flora*, and you'l finde
All other knowledge is but vain,
And your *Seers* are but blinde.
Let them ſtill gaze upon the skies,
You'l more foretel from *Flora*'s eyes.

5.

Surer Death they can't divine
From *Mars* or *Saturn* then her frown;
Nor better Fortune from *Joves* Trine
Then when a pleaſing ſmile is ſhown:
By her eyes and lips you more may know,
Then the Ecliptick line can ſhow.

6. Would

6.

Would you Travel? come and view
This little world in Folio,
Geography ſhe will ſhew
More then *Heylin* e're did know:
This Difference only; in her land
Pearls ſprinkled are inſtead of ſand.

7.

The Eaſtern ſhores here you'll eſpie
In gems that in her eyes appear;
Precious Diamonds there do lie
Encompaſs'd with a chryſtal ſphear:
And never inundation fear,
But only from a pearly tear.

(8)

Would you know where *India* is?
You'l find it in her Fragrant Breſt,
That Aromatick Paradiſe,
Where ſweets as in their cauſes reſt:
Here are thoſe *Elyſian* Fields
That ſuch delight and pleaſure yields.

9.

Her Breſts the Snowie Mountains are
Where little *Cupid* quivering lies,
Weaving of her Curled hair
To entrap ſome amorous prize.
Now ſince ſuch pleaſant ſights appear,
Who'd travel anywhere but here?

10.

If you for choiceſt Flowers ſeek,
In *Flora*'s face you may them ſpie:
The Roſe and Lily in her cheek
Always flouriſh, never die.
Tulips and Orchies white and red
Everywhere are ſcattered.

(11)

The Purple-Violets here do keep;
Theſe neer her ſanguine Rivulets lie:
Upon her lips Carnations ſleep,
Diſplaying their Vermilion-dye.
Thus Flowers flouriſh always here.
Beauty's Regent all the year.

On

On FLORA

Walking in the Fields.

IT was when *Ceres* did begin t' undreſs
The Fields that were in Amber-mantles clad,
When the Earths Barbers did begin to oppreſs,
Each Traveller crying *Larges* as th' were mad,
When I a moſt illuſtrious Object ſpied,
Whoſe beauty *Phœbus* ſplendour far outvied.

2.

When firſt I ſaw't, I thought the Spring return'd,
Each fading flower ſo rais'd his drooping head,
Whilſt wither'd ſtubble was by her beauty burn'd,
That yonger plants might riſe up in their ſtead;
Which as ſhe paſſeth bow their heads, and kiſs
Thoſe feet that cover'd them, nor did they miſs

Her very ſhadow but through that ſhade did ſmile,
And by their pleaſant verdant looks expreſs
Much joy that they their fellow-plants beguile
Of that warm covering which them ſo refreſh,
Whilſt t'other envying hang their penſive head,
No way to reconcile them but her tread.

4.

Now did the Birds the Choriſters o' th' ſpring,
Chirp pleaſant Sonnets from their warbling throats,
With various notes they in their turns do ſing,
And ſtrive t' outvie each other in their notes;
And bluſtring winds did whiſper through each tree
A very ſweet melodious harmony.

5.

Then on her face I fixt my wandring eye,
That court where Beauties Queen is reſident;
Where Roſes white and red ſtriv'd to outvie
Each others ſplendour, as if their intent
Was once again to make a civil war
Betwixt th' united *York* and *Lancaſter*.

6. This

6.

This did I see, which made me to admire,
That such perfections should with mortals dwell;
And to such raptures did my soul aspire,
That whether on Heaven or Earth I could not tell;
But such her beauty was, as 'twould invite
Immortal Gods to see this mortal Sight.

To the fair Flora.

SHall these black lines presume to kiss those hands,
Whose radiant whiteness doth all pearls outvie?
My muse at this now all amazed stands,
And sable lines are chang'd to ruby dye;
Blushing for fear presumption do them run
Upon *Charybdis*, whilst they *Scylla* shun.

2. But

2.

But (*Flora*) know, if mortals ſhould forbear
To ſpeak thy vertues, or thy beauty tell,
Th' Immortal Angels would thy worth declare,
And tell the world how much you them excel.
Nothing is wanting to make thee compleat:
Birth, Beauty, Breeding, in this centre meet.

3.

Should *Perſian* Votives ſee thy charming face,
I fear a Schiſm in that Church would ariſe,
Leaving the Sun (their Diety) they'd embrace
Flora, and offer to her lips and eyes:
For that ſame light, if *Flora* but appears,
Straight hides his face and melteth into tears.

4.

Let Poets talk no more of *Hellen*'s grace,
Of chaſte *Lucretia*'s and fair *Venus* face;
For theſe and more muſt all to thee give place,
And leave thoſe Titles which they did embrace;
As Beautie's Queen, Empreſs, Princeſs, All,
With more, on thy Imperial head muſt fall.

5. Would

5.

Would any know who 'tis I thus admire ?
'Tis one in whom doth all perfection dwell :
She's Nature's Copy, no pattern may aſpire
To think that they their Copy can excel :
But yet leſt any ignorance ſhall plead,
They in this line *Fair Flora*'s name may read.

To

To the Divine FLORA, *being ſick, yet retaining her native Beauty.*

MOunt up, my fancy, to the ſtarry Skie,
Ranſack thoſe ſecret chambers, there muſt lie
Some hidden cauſe; for here we ſeek in vain:
We can't without a Soloeciſm maintain
That ever beauty thriv'd in ſickly ground;
In Venice-glaſs never was poyſon found.
Sure (Madam) nature is turn'd Chymiſt now,
And hath not varniſh'd, but enamel'd you!
That neither feveriſh fire ſhall e're decay,
Nor liquid Rheums can ever waſh away
Your fixed beauty: you are ſo divine,
That *Phœbus*-like with innate ſpots you ſhine.

PHI-

To Phillis
Newly Married.

When Fair *Aurora* Harbinger of day,
Did her Vermilion in the East disply,
The lovely *Phillis* rising from her bed,
Thinks of her willing loss, her Maiden-head.
But yet the name of loss creates a fear;
This makes her Roses fade, and disappear:
But casting back her eyes upon the bed,
Roses expanded are, and Lilies fled.
Here might you have seen a Mask of th' civil jars,
Acted the night before in *Venus* wars:
So Champions having Conquered, display
Both Colours, Signets that they've won the day.

So

So Madam Conquer ſtill; may you be found
The Conquerour of mens hearts, may you abound
With all thoſe virtues as may paſſion charm,
Thoſe innate enemies that our reaſon harm:
May you excel the Folio's of your name,
In Beauty, Vertue, or what elſe may claim
The Title of chief Happineſs, that you
May be the Paragon of nature too.
May each night pleaſures in thy boſome ſow,
That every day freſh joys on thee may flow:
This is my wiſh, though you're to me unknown;
What to my friend is due, becomes your own:
You being one with him, my wiſhes all
To each of you become connatural.

Pla

PLATONICK-Love.

A Song.

AFter the Foyl of a *Platonick*-lover,
Who by contemplation his Miſtreſs did court,
Ah what a trouble for him to diſcover
That he muſt loſe what he counted his ſport!

2.

When all his Courtſhip was counted a trouble,
And in her eyes ſhe ſhow'd nought but diſdain,
When with denials her Frowns did grow double;
Ah how this trouble increaſed his pain!

3.

When all thoſe Batt'ries which he before raiſed
Were by her denial all tumbled down,
Ah what a trouble to retreat thus diſgraced,
With no better title then that of a clown!

4. When

4.

When he had wholly loſt his Eunuchs pleaſure,
And ſhe did the bliſs of her preſence refuſe,
Ah what a trouble to loſe that his treaſure,
Which he muſt loſe, 'cauſe he did it abuſe!

Concealed LOVE.

A Song.

HOw unhappy a Lover am I,
Whilſt the flames in my breſt I conceal;
Though *Flora* be kinde,
What relief can I finde,
If ſhe know not the pains that I feel?

2.

I have ſtrived to ſtifle my flame,
And call'd love a fooliſh deſire;
But I found ſtill her name,
As if from Heaven it came,
Like lightning rekindled my fire.

3. But

3.

But when I had dalli'd ſo long
'Till I felt Love's pleaſing ſmart,
All my hopes were croſt,
And *Flora*'s love loſt,
And poſſeſt by another mans heart.

4.

Sometime then I ſought for relief
To eaſe all thoſe pains I endur'd,
'Till at length I did finde,
To the eaſe of my minde,
'Twas deſpair my grief procur'd.

5.

I then try'd by the Learned's advice
To waſh't off with a Glaſs of good Wine;
But whilſt I do finde
My *Flora*'s unkinde,
There's no Medicine i'th juice of the Vine.

6.

Since here I can finde no relief,
I'll remedy ſeek from above:
I'll contemplate her face
In *Cynthia*'s bright glaſs,
And offer whole nights to her love.

FLORA ſurprized.

A Song.

Flora.

SErene was the Air, and unpearled the Fields,
Though enamell'd with Flowers of the Spring,
Where *Flora* was ſeen
All alone in the green,
To ſport with the Flowers and ſing.

Ah nature, ſaid ſhe, thou art cruel
To impoſe on us Virgins that law,
Which makes us refuſe
What we rather would chuſe.
But here ſhe broke off with a *ha, ha, ha.*

2.

Celadon.

Dear *Flora*, ſaid I, blame not nature, but try,
See the amorous Frolick goes round;
Aurora with *Phœbus*
In the Eaſt you may ſpie,
All the Birds full of courtſhip are found.

See the Amorous trees embrace and twiſt Arms
By inſtinct of Nature's law;
With ſcorn then refuſe
No more him you would chuſe,
Who oft ſighs, whilſt you laugh, with a *ha, ha, ha.*

3.

Flora.

What echo do I hear! yet me thinks ſo near
Such a ſlaviſh fear dare not come.
If ſome god ſhould be nigh,
And think to ſupply
My long-wiſh'd for Lovers room;

His chaſtity I'd try, and let him know that I,
Though a Virgin, yet can awe
And check the fire
Of unlawful deſire,
Though in Gods, with a *ha, ha, ha.*

4.

Celadon.

If in *Celadon*'s ſhape a God ſhould appear,
Would you him any kindneſs deny?
Or if that *Celadon*
Himſelf ſhould be here,
Would you from his preſence flie?

Speak my dear *Flora*, 'tis *Celadon* calls,
Blame no longer kinde Nature's law;
But whilſt time and place
Invites, let's embrace;
Be frolick and laugh, with a *ha, ha, ha.*

5.

Flora.

'Tis *Celadon* I ſee, there's no God can be
So like him in body or minde,
I'le invite him near,
For from him I need not fear
What's either unjuſt or unkinde.

Draw

Draw nearer dear *Celadon*, here are no frowns,
That to your ſlow Foot-ſteps give law;
All things ſmile on thee and me:
Then let us be free,
And merrily laugh, with a *ha, ha, ha.*

6.

Celadon.

In this ſphear where we are, none but friendly ſtars,
Or Amorous Planets do move;
We'l embrace and kiſs,
And envy no bliſs
Enjoy'd by the Gods above:

I fear not the jars of Gods or the Stars,
Whilſt I do my *Flora* enjoy:
Nor need we to care
That in greater bliſs ſhare;
We'l laugh at their threats, with a *ha, ha, ha.*

To *Amarillis.*

THou'rt the worlds wonder, thy face it is Di-
(vine ;
'Tis Nature's copy ; and by this curious line
She draws her fairest Pictures, and they shine
With borrowed light drawn from those beams of
(thine.
Did the Gods know thee, they would Ravish thee !
And to enjoy thee, leave their Deity.
Apollo Daphnis will no more Admire,
But to thy shrine offer his sacred fire.
Mars would his *Venus* leave, and fall before you ;
Jove would descend, that he might here Adore
you.

The

The Mock.

THou'rt the Worlds wonder, thy face it is a (signe
Of wantonneſs; and by this painted line
Thou doſt wheadle and entice
Thy ſilly Captives to fools Paradiſe.
Had the Gods known thee, thou alone hadſt bin
The puniſhment for *Tantalus* his ſin;
And that damn'd *Syſiphus* on thee alone
Had bin confin'd ever to roll his Stone.
Apollo Daphnis will no more admire;
Thy liquid Rheums have quench'd his luſtful fire.
Mars leaves his *Venus*, *Jove* his *Juno* too:
Thus this bleſt Sex doth ſuffer ſtill for you.

Don Alonzo's *Voyage.*

IT was when *Mars* to Wars was gone,
And *Venus* forc'd to lie alone,
That *Don Alonzo* chanc'd to take
A Journey for his pleaſure ſake:
He coming to an ancient Town,
Chamuludun of high Renown,
Whoſe Burgers being engag'd in war
All ſtrangers from their Port they bar;
Don coming now into this Grange,
With's miſty Habit ſeem'd ſo ſtrange,
That Burgo-Maſters look'd aſquint,
And of him knew not what to think:
But yet to make all matters ſure,
They him in Priſon did ſecure.
But had *Don* do'ſt his miſty Frock,
And wrapt himſelf in *Venus* Smock,
He had not there ſo faſt bin lock't,
But might have come out when he'd Knock't.

In

In this place liv'd a valiant Dame,
That could a Gallants Courage tame:
Many beſieged in ſuch ſort,
They'd always Entrance to her Fort;
Yet no Aſſailant could perform
A noble Action, or could Storm
Without ſome loſs, or raze the Wall;
Nor could they make an Infant Fall.

Canto *on* Rhodomontado.

Rhodomontado *ſtorming Smock-Caſtle in the* **Terra incognita** *of* **Nunquam ſatis**, *is diſcovered by* **Anonymus**. *The Siege and manner of the Storm Deſcribed.*

IT was when *VENUS* by her skill
Commanded *Heroes* at her will,
That this warlike *Rhodomontado*
Stormed SMOCK-CASTLE in a Bravado.
He lays cloſe Siege, then Springs a Mine,
And Batters the Defenſive Line:
Upon the Flanks of each Frontier
Sky-colour'd Streamers did Appear,
Placed there as 'twas in ſcoff,
To ſhow how he came blewly off.
Next was the Enſigne of the SMOCK
With Motto in't, *Enter and* KNOCK.

This

This did encourage *Venus* Slave
To enter the Enchanted Cave;
But being enter'd at the Gates,
His warlike Courage ſoon Abates:
But had he known the manner how
To Storm a Fort as he ſhould do,
No doubt he'd Storm'd it in his Shirt,
So had he receiv'd leſſer Hurt;
For they that do this Fort Aſſail,
No need ſhall have for Coat of Mail:
Since this ſame Fort all Shot receives,
And never by Shot Anſwer gives.
By lying ſtill the Field is Won,
Or Firing of the Enemies Gun.
Thus he like a Freſh-water Blade,
Venturing at All,'s a Captive made.
He loſt, ſhe gain'd; he ſhot, ſhe fell;
At firſt ſhe yields, yet Conquer'd well.
This did I ſee, think it not ſtrange;
Eyes may as well as Fancy range.

The careleſs LOVER.

A Song.

CAſt away ſorrow, grief and care ;
For love's a fooliſh paſſion ;
Both Maids and Widows peeviſh are,
And Authors of vexation.

2.

Then give me Sack, that Liquor Divine,
I'll drink't for Recreation :
I'll court no Miſtriſs but good Wine,
This drives away Vexation.

3.

Let Beauty go, that fading toy,
A painted face ſhan't charm me ;
Whilſt generous Wine I do enjoy,
Such witchcrafts ne'r can harm me.

4. Let

4.

Let Lovers call their faces Divine,
Though their Colours be Lily and Roſie ;
I'll paint my face as red with Wine,
And call it *Bacchus*'s Poſie.

5.

I've call'd them Goddeſſes ſometimes,
And I have admir'd their features:
But alas 'twas but to make up Rhimes,
I ne'r thought them ſuch creatures.

6.

Then fill up our Glaſſes with Liquor Divine,
And hang them that refuſe it:
Let puling Lovers waſte and pine
'Till they have wit to chuſe it.

A POEM

In Praiſe of Wormwood-Beer.

LEt the *Arabians* ſtill be dumb,
Hippocrates in ſilence ſleep;
And *Gallen*'s Arts reſt in his Tomb:
We mortals need not for them weep,
No Medicine like to Wormwood-Beer,
That doth our Vital Spirits chear.

2.

Vomits, Potions, and Infuſions,
Their Lohoch, Species or Pill,
With Syrups, are but meer Deluſions
To cheat us, and their Purſes fill:
Their Troches, and their great Elect'res,
Are all of them but fond Conjectures.

3. 'Ty

3.

'Tis Wormwood-Beer that Cures our Pain,
And makes us ſound both Winde and Limb:
Then fill us all our Cups again,
With this ſame Liquor to the Brim:
We'l drink and call old *Gallen* Aſs,
That ſuch Divine Drink would let paſs.

4.

Some ſay 'twas *Mars* found out this Plant,
And fitly did it Wormwood call;
'Cauſe *Venus* at him once did Rant,
And like a ſcolding Quean did brawl:
But waſhing once her mouth with this,
All ſtrife ſoon ended in a Kiſs.

5.

It is that Liquor which the Gods
Themſelves do their *Nepenthe* call;
For if they chance to be at ods,
A Cup of Wormwood quiets all:
And putting by their ſullen mood,
They ſing like Satyrs of the Wood.

6. The

6.

The old Wife that ſits by the fire
With Coats pull'd up above the knee,
Each Morn doth Wormwood-Beer deſire,
To clear her eyes, and make her ſee:
It warms and thaws her frozen veins,
And cures her aches, griefs and pains.

7.

Thoſe childing women whoſe complaint
Is that their ſtomacks can't digeſt
Their food, but after it they faint,
This cordial Drink for them is beſt:
It quickens Appetite, it warms;
And from the ſtomack drives all harms.

8.

Or if Obſtructions cauſe to fade
The Roſe and Lily of the face,
Drink Wormwood-Beer, be not afraid,
It will reſtore their former grace.
'Tis a Coſmetick that doth charm,
And from the beauty drive all harm.

9.

Let Phyſick-Art then reſt in's urn,
They need it not that drink this Liquor:
We'l all the Phyſick-Authors burn,
They'l make our Coppers boyl the quicker.

In praiſe of ALE.

LEt Poets talk their will of Sack,
And others write till they do crack
Their ſhallow brains in praiſe of Wine,
We have a Liquor more Divine:
This is that noble Quinteſſence,
Impregnate with Stars Influence,
Call'd *Engliſh Ale*, tinctur'd in Grain,
The *Atlas* of Poetick ſtrain.
For Ale the Nine leave *Helicon*,
That into little Lake may run;
And *Phœbus* ſwears he hath no ſale
For Nectar, ſince the gods drank Ale.
He therefore now will turn a Quack,
And make a Med'cine of his Sack:

But that trade too is like to fail,
They need no Med'cine that drink Ale.
Ale cures the knotty Gout and Stone;
It is the true *Panpharmacon*.
No pains so great, there's no Disease
But Ale doth either cure or ease.
What is it that Ale will not doe?
It preserves Health and Beauty too;
For when *Sol* with his limber Ray
Hath clouded, and made to decay
The Rose and Lily of the face,
Ale will restore their former grace:
Or if the blustering *Boreas* hath
Nipt up those Flowers with his breath,
Ale will that chilly slave command,
And make those Flowers again expand:
Or if old *Chronos* stooping low,
Those flowry graces chance to mow;
Ale will renew them, and restore
Them to their Glory as before.

Exon-

Excuſing THEFT.

THou pretty Thief, 'tis by thy charming face
With a magnetick ſlight, that thou doſt ſteal
Away mens hearts; and leaving void that place,
Till its return, they nought but anguiſh feel.

2.

So have I ſeen thy heartleſs Patient lie
As thou haſt left him; ah ſo cruel fate!
Crying, Oh change, or elſe reſtore, I die!
In heavenly breſt ſure there can lodge no hate.

3.

Now if thou ſtealeſt hearts, why may not I
Steal leſſer things from thee? it is no cheat;
To rob a Thief is no great Thievery:
By Thievery the world is made compleat.

4.

Heavens glorious Lamp that ſhines ſo bright,
From Ladies faces borrows his ſplendent rays;
For their appearance can eclipſe that light
Which in his ſphear ſo proudly he diſplays.

5.

The pale-fac'd *Cynthia* that doth gild the night,
From *Phœbus* ſtealeth all her ſhining beams;
And glittering Stars which oft appear ſo bright,
Are dark when *Sol* calls home their borrowed (ſtreams.

6.

Brooks ſteal their waters from the bubling ſpring,
And then the Rivers do rob them again;
Which being done, they then are glad to bring
Their ſtollen waters tribute to the Main.

7.

So though I've ſtollen from thee, I will be
So honeſt as I'l now reſtore the ſame,
Leſt that I loſe by this my Thievery, (blame.
Not Gloves, but Loves, and ſo the world me

In

In Commendation of a Female- POET.

LEt Poets talk of their *Pernaſſus* Hill,
For *Helicon* which Muſes drink at will,
May here be found in this our Dengey Land.
Lo here's a Poeteſs who may Command
The Lawrel Coronet; in her you'l finde
By concentration, all the Muſes joyn'd:
Thrice happy man, who thee embracing ſhall
Graſp *Helicon*, *Pernaſſus*, Muſes all;
But who dares this attempt, alas, for fear
For want of skill his Pilot fancy ſtear
In a wrong courſe, and ſo his Pinace ſtand
On ſhelves of wit, and not on ſhelves of ſand?
Yet will I not like *Here'les* quit this Coaſt,
Whoſe Fame was by his *Ne plus ultrà* loſt;
But I'le caſt Anchor here, till I've ſurvey'd
This little world where glorie's thus diſplay'd;
Which having once perform'd, my Pilots all
Blam'd Madam Nature for a Prodigal;
For other Gems ſhe in dark Corners hides;
Pearl in dark ſhells, gold in dark ore ſtill bides:

But in this her darling hath she shown
More curious Mathematicks then was known
To any age: no imperfections here;
None but rectangles and acute appear.
The principles are here so well compos'd,
Not rudely mixt, but orderly dispos'd,
That every one may act in his own sphear:
No Chaos of Rebellious humours here.
Mercury, that subtile Artist, whose sublime
Nature doth make him uppermost to climb,
Sits Regent in the Soul; whilst *Sulphure* he
As vital Balsome, claims his Regency
Over the Body's solid parts, whilst *Sol*
To his commands doth fluid humours call.
Thus in my Pilots found I no deceit;
Their Voyage prov'd a Prize, and not a Cheat.

Ve-

VENUS *Reform'd.*

Venus, whose watry birth with *Vulcans* fumes
Hath made her subject unto saline Rheums,
The Medicks of this age she doth require
To effect a cure; and at her desire
First comes old *Galen*, whose forked beard
Was ominous to the head some fear'd:
But *Galen* here prov'd not *Magister Artium*;
For he had forgot his Book, *De usu Partium*.
Next came young *Esculapius* to try
His Skill; and he the Cure came pretty nigh;
But to her grief the Fates took him away;
And thus the Air did still imperfect lay.
Then came a Chymist, whose subtile skill
Thought to compose the Principles at his will;
Hoping that nature too prodigal had bin
In mixing too much Silver with her Tin,
Went to extract it; but alas, 'twas more
Then he could do: extraction was before.
Thus having spent his time, he then could finde
Nought but a *Caput mortuum* left behinde,

He freely left his Patient, and gave place
To Learned *Gallens* Son, whole charming face
A good opinion of him might procure,
Which when believ'd, is always half the cure
This Doctor hath began; but whiles he takes
The pain from hers, her Husbands head ſtill akes.
That this the Doctor's Cure may not detain,
He gives Narcotick Drinks to eaſe his pain:
But the encreaſing pain caus'd him to wake
Out of his drowzy ſottiſhneſs, and take
The Cure in hand himſelf. Firſt he repells
The offending Humour, that now ſwells
In Boyls and Tumours: next he will remove
Strange Bodies that do heterogenious prove:
Then he'l Reſtrictives uſe: Thus hath he found
The way to Cure and Cicatrize his wound.

On

On *FLORA.*

A Song.

WHen my ſoul wrack'd by *Flora*'s cruelty
After a tedious bondage was ſet free;
No beauty nature fram'd, refin'd by art,
Could draw my eyes
Again to ſacrifice
My new delivered heart.

2.

Like an old Souldier that had long in Wars
Scap'd many dangers, only wore ſome ſcars,
Undaunted I your Beauty then ſurvey'd;
Not thinking you
Had Troops of Vertues too,
Which were in Ambuſh laid.

3.

Then *Flora* let your Conqueſt be compleat;
By uſing of it mildly, make it great:
Your Triumph will be buried in my Grave:
Oh then be free
From ſuch mean Cruelty
To kill a fetter'd Slave.

A Song.

AM I awake, or do I dream
Of Happiness? Can any beam
But what is shot from *Lucia*'s eyes
Create a flame? or new surprize
A soul half Shipwrackt in its tears?
Poor *Flora!* if thy love-sick fears
Made thee a Martyr to desire,
Why should I strive to quench that fire?
The Hallowed Lamps in *Vesta*'s urn
Did never half so chastly burn
As ours: If Poets may divine
A future bliss, our souls shall shine
Above; whilst to the breathless clay
They leave behinde, Lovers shall pay
Such adoration, that our Fame
Shall fill the World, and raise a Flame
In my cold *Lucia*'s stony brest;
Who (then repenting) shall not rest,
Till like *Niobe* she come
And weep her self into my Tomb.

The

The Humours of the Tavern.

DRunk to a pitch, one Gallant He
Boasts of his high-flown Pedegree;
Another begins to curse and swear
He will drop Crowns with any there:
A Third unsheaths his angry Sword,
Ready to kill at every word;
A Fourth with Corral may compare,
Soft under Liquor, hard in th' Air.
The hide-bound Villain, if you note,
Who sober will not spend a groat;
If elevated, is as free
As any in the company.
Others again grow more unactive,
Like oyled bodies less attractive;
The Amber Sack can't draw them on
In some good measure to be boon;
Otherwise pliant, now quite sunk,
They will not pay a penny drunk.
Some dull when sober, in Liquor can
Talk and dispute with any man.

Cæsars

Cæſar his own acts rehearſes,
And ſo can he, and all in Verſes.
Wine makes the Poet in his prime,
He can't then ſpeak without a Rhime.
The baſhful Blade who cannot puſh
To ſerve a Lady, but muſt bluſh,
By help of Wine, can boldly woo her,
And make compleat Addreſſes to her
Here you may finde the penſive Lad
To whoop and ſing, and roar like mad.
A graver ſort there are then theſe,
Aſſociates fit for Juſtices,
Shall ſit at half-Pints all the day,
Drink luſty round, but no health pray.
Theſe are the ſolid prudent Boys,
That ſoak a Hogſhead without noiſe.
Edgar away with pins i' th' Cup
To ſpoil our drinking whole ones up:
Drink, thou ſhalt be or Lord, or King,
Rich, ſtout, kinde, learned, any thing.

The Deſcription of Stonehenge.

AT diſtant view, methought I did deſcry
Some town of note, or Univerſity.
Who Farms the Fire-hearth Money, I dare ſwear,
Shall bid a good Rate for the Chymneys there.
But as I nearer came, it widen'd much,
Shew'd like a Caſtle-ruines, or ſome ſuch.
When I came at it, there was ſuch a ſight,
Bleſs me! of Stones, for thickneſs, bredth, & height,
Never the like in ſuch a poſture plac'd;
God-warring Gyants here are quite diſgrac'd.
Their *Pelion* toll'd on *Oſſa*, is not able
To vye with theſe, no nor bold *Nimrods* Babel.
Some count this work Inchantment, and prefer
Old *Nick* herein, as chief Artificer.
By *Merlin*'s Witch-craft, we muſt underſtand,
They were tranſlated out of *Ireland*,
(Or elſe his charms made *Neptune* ſick and ſpue
His mighty Rocks here, may be thought as true;)
For Tomb-ſtones for thoſe Britiſh Nobles ſlain,
Moſt baſely by the *Saxons* on this plain.
Authors of worth give this the ſole intent
Of this huge, ſtrange, amazing Monument.

Which

Which ſtanding Gibbet-wiſe, doth make appear
What thoſe falſe Traytors well deſerved here.
Some call't the Devils Court; to make it true
Shew us his Lodging-Room, Bed, Piſpot too,
Yea and his Porter, that tall Crumpbackt-ſtone
You meet aloof off from the reſt lone.
Who for a kinde one hath the Approbation,
Will let you paſs without Examination,
You ſhall have free admiſſion to his Shrine,
And yet Beel-zebub keeps good Diſcipline.
What he commands ſhould any Witch defer it,
Whip Sir, ſhe muſt be had ſtraight up the garret
Where my Muſe leaves her, and my Friend and I
To claſh one Pint hie us to *Ames-bury*.
Reader, excuſe me, I have undertook
A task too heavy for me; do thou look,
Inſtruct thy ſelf, Nature be theſe or Art,
I cannot apprehend them for my part;
I can aſſoon carry them up and down,
Shew them for pence apiece in ev'ry town.
One ſaith, they number paſs, I was too bold
To begin telling of what can't be told.
Another, that Old *Nick* (this he will ſwear)
Sick of the Stone, voided this gravel here.
But to conclude all, Sirs, to tell you flat,
I *Stonehenge* ſaw, I ſay I know not what.

The

The Ladies Muſick-Act.

PEace there your noyſe! ſuch Muſick I deſcry,
I ſhall not feaſt my Ear, now, but my Eye.
Put up your Viols! hide thoſe Antick faces!
Let me contemplate on theſe heav'nly graces.
Are theſe *Apollo*'s Girles? why muſt they be
Pounded, and kept thus under Lock and Key?
What have they done? miſchief enough, be ſure;
For which this is too little they endure.
They kill men with white powder, & with darts
Inviſible, they wound them to the hearts.
Now, 'tis our turn to laugh at them a while,
Who whilſt we laugh at them, can't chuſe but (ſmile
To think how this ſmall durance, & ſhort laughter
Enſlaves us to 'um, the whole twelvemonth after.
Oh, let 'um go! you do but me detain
A Priſ'ner with them, in a world of pain.
How hath your Muſick rais'd (unskilful men!)
Thoſe evil ſpirits it can't lay agen?

They

They plague us in good earneſt, but the beſt
Revenge we can return, is but in jeſt.
We call them ſilly Crotchets, light as air,
Whilſt our ſouls tell us, nothing is ſo rare.
There's none but is their inward Proſelytes
If he would ſeem an Atheiſt, 'tis in ſpight.
Porph'ry and *Lucian* thus, affronted by
The Church, renounce their Chriſtianity.
But yet, what ſenſe is there in Love? to court
And make addreſſes to thoſe, who but ſport
Our Ruine? and with ſcorns and triumph greet
Their humble Martyrs bleeding at their feet?
We know all this: and yet you may as well
Make us forſwear Heav'n, as forſake this Hell.
(Charms.
Muſick, ſtrike up!. I'le praiſe your pow'rful
If they can cure theſe new contracted Harms.

On

On Jealouſie.

SNails have no other eyes, then what do grow
At the end of their horns; 'tis even ſo
With jealous men; they won't believe, can't ſee
Except what tendeth to their miſery.
Thus they muſt ſtill, what e're their wives have done,
Be Cuckolds in Imagination.
To beat them out of which, ſhould you ſeem zealous,
You hereby make them ten to one more jealous.
Their Fancy pimps, and their miſtruſtful pate
Cornutes the Coxcombs at a monſtrous rate.
One proſtitutes his wife (I read) to free
Him from ſuſpition of jealouſie.
I can't commend this deed, but am withal,
Convinc'd, with him, 'tis a crime capital:
'Twould make a wife diſhoneſt, ſhould ſhe be
Chaſte as *Diana*, or *Penelope*.
To be a Whore, or thought ſo, is the ſame,
To make ſtrife, and contract her Husbands blame.
Oh, how ſevere a Jaylour ſhe hath got!
Eyes ev'ry Look, and geſture, and what not?

If on her gueſts ſhe caſts a Wiſhful glance,
He's cuckold'd in her pleaſant Countenance.
If ſhe drink to him, Oh! that draught hath dont';
See how he raves, and fumes, and ſtorms upon't;
If her familiar with her Maid he notes,
Search muſt be made into her petticotes.
He no way can lead a contented life,
Unleſs, like *Adam*, he could keep his wife
Within his own rib; the miſtruſtful elf
Could then no more ſuſpect her then himſelf.
Fie reſtleſs wretch! to cure thy pain, ſhould ſhe
Now turn thy cauſeleſs fears to certainty,
The wiſeſt and the graveſt in the City,
Can't but applaud her juſtice, and her pity.
But let him go! he doth exactly well
Vex and torment himſelf in his own hell.
No flames can ſcorch like theſe; in the ſame fire
Himſelf hath kindled, let him now expire!

On

On Melancholy.

STand off Phyſitian! let me frolick
With my humour Melancholick.
'Tis Pleaſure, it is pain likewiſe;
'Tis Hell, and yet a Paradiſe.
'Tis White, and Black, 'tis all upon
Checker'd Imagination.
'Tis an odd Conceited Theam,
'Tis Nature's Rambling, Idle Dream;
Her Cheating optick-glaſs, which lies;
Falſly abſtracts and multiplies.
The man of *Rhodes*, whoſe ſtatue was
Nine hundred Camel-load of Braſs,
This mighty *Phœbus* can't compare
With the Melancholy Bear.
In Hands, Feet, Noſe, Fancy makes him
Bigger by far in ev'ry limb.
Another waſteful humour ſtraight
Brings him down to an half-ounce weight:
He like ſome Bird, (a pretty folly!)
Flies aloft, wing'd with Melancholy.
He's Air, or ſome thin Exhalation,
Next degree to Annihilation.

'Tis Thraldom, Freedom, 'tis expreſs
Good Company, and Lonelineſs.
It laughs, and ſmiles, all in one Breath;
'Tis Wealth or want, 'tis Life or Death.
A Bedlam-Trance, 'tis what you will,
'Tis as you'd have it, well, or ill.
A tickle, contradicting mood,
Ariſing from diſtemper'd bloud.
Stand off Phyſitian! 'tis I'me ſure
As a diſeaſe, ſo its own Cure.

A POEM deſcribing his ſeveral Miſtreſſes under the Allegory of FORTS.

'Twas at the Age of twenty four
My wand'ring Pinace lanched out,
The Female Forts to ſurvey o're,
With watchful eye I cruis'd about.
And ſuch was my Ambitious minde,
A Fort worth Conqueſt I would finde.

2.

I had not ſail'd paſt twice three days
Ere ſuch a Fort I did eſpie,
Where Storms of Shot without delays
Flew from the Port-holes of her eye:
But neither could I conquered be,
Nor did ſhe bring me by the Lee.

3.

I tack'd about, caſt Anchor too,
'Till I this pretty Fort ſurvey'd;
With opticks good I then did view
The Colours that were there diſplay'd:
Her Field was *Argent*, *Gules* ſo red,
Bearing in chief a Maiden-head.

4.

This pretty ſight made me draw neer,
In hopes to finde more richer prize;
But all things elſe were wanting here,
But Beauty, which ſo quickly dies.
This made my Pilot quit that Coaſt;
For where's no gain, there's honour loſt.

5.

Then did I ſail a league or two
E're I another Fort could ſpie,
At laſt too neer a Fort I drew,
Which me with ſtore of ſhot did plie:
Her Field was *Argent*, no *Gules* here;
The Motto, *Welcome Engineer.*

6.

Some Ammunition here was found,
The Parapet and Curtains good;
But Baſtions were irregular ground,
And Umbraſieurs here croſsly ſtood:
Now where's ſuch croſs irregular ground,
That conqueſt's better loſt then found.

7.

Then did I quit theſe Coaſts, and ſteer
Another courſe, where I could ſpie
Four other Forts in ſight appear,
Which very neer each other lie.
With policy I coaſted here,
And under danger of their ſhot did ſteer.

8. The

8.

The first Fort was Rectangular fram'd,
Whose Streamers on her Bastions flie;
Her Curtains for proportion sam'd,
On which her Parapet doth lie.
But Wit and Policy wanting here,
Made my Pilot forward steer.

9.

The next was an obtuse-Angl'd Fort
Well built, had Ammunition too;
Had nothing wanting by report,
But this report I found not true:
For Mines and Counter-mines were here;
All things obtuse, nothing acute appear.

10.

The third of Acute Angles fram'd;
The Bastions were so regular here,
And all things for proporion sam'd,
As nature had been Engineer.
Their Field was *Argent*, where was writ
This Motto, *I so handle Wit.*

11.

The fourth of Acute angles too,
The Curtains here and Breſtworks good;
Her Baſtions for proportion true,
On which her *Argent* Streamers ſtood,
In which ſhe bears a *Bleeding heart*,
With Motto in't, *My Name I part.*

12.

Thus driven by unhappy Gale,
I run upon *Charybdis* Sands,
Or *Scylla*'s Gulph; help Flagging-Sail,
Help Fancy, elſe my Pinace ſtrands:
Yet thanks to *Jove* if here I ſplit;
'Tis not on Sands, but Shelves of Wit.

To FLORA *Veiled.*

WHat means this Sable Curtain? 'las I fear
Some ſacred Jewel to be lodged here;
So pure, ſo Angel-like, that never an eye,
But what's Divine, muſt this great Beauty ſpy:
But Beauty can't be hid; Stars do appear
More bright when circled with a ſable ſphear.
Phœbus whil'ſt he his ſcatter'd beams lets fall,
Is little felt; if they do warm 'tis all:
But when his wand'ring rays he twiſts in one,
He floweth Mettals, and diſſolveth Stone.
Thus others diſplay'd Beauties we admire,
But thine contracted ſets us all on fire.
This makes us offer ſacrifice to you;
Yet like th' *Athenians* toth' unknown goddeſs too.

Madam I

Madam!

I Hope my wandering Pinace-fancy will ſplit upon no Rocks of preſumption, though fortune hath forced her into your Harbour: Oh impute it not altogether to the unskilfulneſs of the Pilot, but his Curioſity, that made it ſail ſo far as the *Terra Incognita* of your face. But ſince this my Ambaſſadour is ſafely arrived at your Harbour, I hope he will finde ſome Sanctuary in *the Fortunate Iſlands* of your *Microcoſme*. By which favour you will oblige me to remain

Yours,

Philomuſus.

Her

Her Anſwer.

WHilſt Wit & Learning your two Pilots be,
You need not fear your fancy's wrackt at Sea,
Unleſs perchance that they miſled have been
By darkned judgment, or ſome clouds unſeen
Of groſs miſtakes, about a place unknown,
A little World that in a face is ſhown.
Your ſable Curtain was miſplac'd, when they
Their Voyage took, and turn'd another way:
If that their mark was made, alas, I fear,
In danger of a Cheat your Pilots are;
For to my knowledge no ſuch Beauties 'bide
In this our Iſland, no ſuch Angels hide
In this ſame *Microcoſme* that can ſtain
Phœbus his glory, or can once obtain
Half ſuch perfection, to deceive an eye
With vain conceits of ſome hid Deity.
No mortal now adays is ſo unwiſe,
To offer the unknown a Sacrifice.

Sir I

Sir !

YOur love to the Muſes appears by their unuſual favours towards you, in aſſiſting you beyond the common phraſe of mortal skill; I mean, whileſt your Pinace kept an even courſe between *Scylla* and *Charybis*, not venturing upon the *Terra Incognita* of my face, (as you are pleaſed to term it.) But this our Harbour not being uſed to entertain Strangers, cauſed your Ambaſſador to be ſuſpected of Treaſon, as come not out of curioſity, but by diſdainful jearing to Conquer the weak Fort of our ſimplicity. Farewel,

Non Nom.

Rome's

Rome's *Original.*

FAir *Ilia* that Veſtal *Nun*,
To play the wanton hath Begun,
That now with *Turn-ball*, *Doll*, or *Meg*,
She is as right, Sir, as my Leg.
A Maid forſooth ſhe might have dy'd,
But Gods can be no more deny'd
Then Ghoſtly Fathers, when they Court
Their ſtricteſt Votreſs to the Sport.
When ſuch Heavenly fires advance
Their flames, ſhe diſſolves in a trance.
A Siſter with the ſelf-ſame bliſs
Melts at a holy Brothers kiſs.
Come, come, there's no more to be ſaid,
Bold *Mars* will have her Maiden-head.,
Moſt bravely then the Blade begins,
And on his Bonny Girl gets Twins.
They *Romulus* and *Rhemus* were:
Amulius the Uſurper here,
Fearing leſt he may be uncrown'd
By theſe, gives charge the Brats be drown'd.

But

But th' Officer to do the Feat,
Couzens him with a pious Cheat;
In pity to their Infant-age
Places them ſo, they ſcape the rage
Of *Tyburs* ſtreams, where, (by good luck)
In ſteps a Wolf to give them ſuck.
Anon the Shepherd *Fauſtulus*
Wondring (good Swain) to finde things thus,
Carries all to his Dame at home;
She gladly dry-nurſe doth become.
The Boys, by both Beaſts help, at length
Ariſe to their prime age and ſtrength.
Who when they things right underſtand,
The *Alban*-Kingdom they demand,
Kill their great Uncle, to reſtore
It to their Grandſire *Numitor*.
This done, theſe Gallants having hearts
Too big for Subjects; for their parts
Reſolve to build themſelves a Town,
And get a Kingdom of their own.
But by the by, I muſt you tell,
One Crown doth ne're fit two heads well.
They for the Chiefdom fall at odds,
To divide which they ſeek the Gods.
Here *Romulus* would fain make *Rhemus*,
In truth, a very *Nicodemus*;
Pretending, (at his Auguries,
Which cannot poſſibly tell lies,)

The

The Viſion of more Vultures be
A ſure ſigne, the Priority
Belongs to him; The other may
Conclude from hence he muſt obey.
But no worſe mettal'd *Rhemus* Huffs,
(Ready to go to Fiſticuffs,)
Madded, ſcorns at his brothers Wall,
Will piſs it down, or leap o're all:
Whereby he quickly ends the ſtrife;
This high attempt coſts him his life.
Romulus! Rome is all thine now;
To People which he knows not how,
Unleſs it an *Aſylum* be,
Or *Amſterdam* of Villany.
He muſt be free of 's Senate-Scarlets
To ragged Runagates and Varlets.
There is no readier way then thus
To make his City populous.
This done, there is but one thing more,
Every Rogue muſt have his Whore,
To propagate a hopeful breed,
The State will elſe decay with ſpeed.
The Politician hath got
For this likewiſe, another plot;
He to the Gods erects a ſport,
Whereto there nimbly do reſort
The *Sabine* Goſſips. Ha, well met!
All is Fiſh that comes to net.

It is allow'd now ev'ry man
Shift for a wife here, how he can.
They in good manners, ſcarce forbear
To let their Maſter taſte their chear,
(Never did Curs more watch their prey
Then they do for their game to day)
Before each one ſnatches his Laſs,
With whom he that night bedded was.
At firſt indeed they cry'd out much,
But nothing when they came to th' touch,
Pleading they never dreamt ſuch joys,
They felt now, raviſh'd by ſuch Boys.
Thus they go on to multiply
Into the laſt fourth Monarchy.
Could it be thought, this Village, This,
Should prove the Worlds Metropolis?
Beſides, its ſhameful luſtful riſe
Doth ſeem as if it were lik-wiſe
A Seat deſigned all along
For the Great Whore of *BABYLON*.

FINIS.